

October 1968 50c  
IND.

... direct from beautiful  
downtown burbank

# LAUGH'IN



Alexander  
Graham  
Bell Had  
Hangups



SOCK  
IT  
TO  
ME!



Marquis  
de Sade  
really knows  
how to  
hurt a guy

Go Ape  
Over  
Darwin

Gen.  
Westmoreland  
Wears Army  
Shoes

J. Edgar  
Hoover  
Can't  
Identify



Tarzan  
Swings

Stradivarius  
Had Guts

Seltzer  
Is a Gas



Watch Rowan & Martin's **LAUGH'IN** on NBC Monday Nights



I was a  
drop-out.



If Bonnie Parker  
married Colonel  
Sanders she'd be  
a finger lickin'  
hood.



Goldie, what do you  
think of sex education  
in the schools  
today?



Did you know  
that when Freud  
discovered the  
sex drive,  
General Motors  
tried to buy it?



Why indeed drive  
the money changers  
from the temple  
when you can  
wreck the devices  
with a bent coin?



What's brown, covered  
with sugar, and holds  
its side when it runs?



I was a caesarian,  
myself.



Was  
TODAY  
the day?



If Dean Martin married  
a White Rhinoceros  
he'd have an Albino  
Rhino Wine.



Je ne sais pas.  
Je ne sais pas.

If Lee Remick  
married Lee Marvin  
she'd be  
Lee Marvin.



What would you get if  
you crossed Tiny Tim  
with Mama Cass?

I come from a  
normal home upstate...  
It's called the Upstate  
Normal Home."



I tried to quit  
smoking and I  
found that candy  
bars helped. You  
can trade them  
for cigarettes.



Knock Knock.  
Who's there?  
Ether.  
Ether who?  
Ether Bunny.



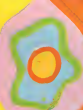
A gingerbread man  
with a hernia.



I don't know,  
but I've got the  
road tour booked!



I believe  
in a well balanced  
sex life, but no one  
will get on the scale  
with me.



Knock Knock.  
Who's there?  
Anna.  
Anna Who?  
Annaoother  
Easter Bunny.  
Geeezzz!

# LAUGH-IN

MONTHLY

Earlier this year a strange phenomena took place on television. A new TV show, originally designed as a one-shot special, electrified America's funnybone, and overnight became a weekly public habit. It was called Rowan and Martin's Laugh-In.

The combination of subtle and pie-in-face humor of Dan Rowan and Dick Martin plus the great selection of some of the world's funniest personalities made a blend of the accepted and irreverent into an original format that established a whole new trend in television.

Beyond the fondest dreams of NBC, 45 million TV fans became Rowan and Martin Laugh-In fanatics. Sock it to me — Ve-rrry Interresting — Here Come de Judge were being mouthed by an entire nation.

And now, as a MONTHLY publication here's Laugh-In Magazine!

While you can't reproduce a television show in magazine form, our objectives are to translate into printed material the same kind of original approach to humor that the Laugh-In TV show has. But why say more...between the covers, only you can be the judge.

We express indebtedness to Dick Martin, Dan Rowan, co-producers George Schlatter and Ed Friendly for their foresight and cooperation in helping to get Laugh-In Magazine into print.

Also, an Amen to the cast of regulars who've really pitched with us.

*Charles Lauffer*

Publisher

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# LETTERS TO LAUGH-IN

Note: The letters published in this issue were addressed to the Laugh-In television show. However, the answers are from the editors of Laugh-In Magazine. In subsequent issues, we will use letters addressed to Laugh-In Magazine, 1800 N. Highland Avenue, Hollywood, California 90028.

Dear Laugh-In:  
I don't think your program is at all funny. What is funny about John Wayne?

Disgusted

Dear Disgusted:  
You mean to say there is nothing funny about Walter Cronkite, Vera Hruba Ralston, Dean Rusk, Lemont Cranston, Snoopy Lanson, East Orange, N.J., and Randolph Scott? We're finished!

Editor

Dear Laugh-In:  
As a Polish American, I'm sick to death of the so-called Polish jokes. They are untrue and unkind. Poles are as intelligent and efficient as any people in the world and I wish you supposedly funny people would realize it.

Edward Bowlosky

Dear Mr. Bowlosky:  
We do and we apologize. By the way, CBS forwarded your letter. And, it's Rowan and Martin's Laugh-In, not Rossi and Martin's.

Editor

Dear Sirs:  
Is Goldie Hawn married?  
E.R. Earl  
Dayton, Ohio

Dear Mr. Earl:  
No she is not. However, to save time, and trouble Goldie has asked that all requests be made in triplicate. She keeps one for sentimental value; one goes to her attorney; and the other goes to her business manager for a credit rating.

Editor

Dear Laugh-In People:  
My cousin Stanley is a very funny man and you are stealing from him. A number of his gags have run on the Laugh In program. I know this for a fact, because he has told many of these jokes over the years at the Toastmasters meetings here in Detroit.

Melvin Radiz

Dear Mr. Radiz:  
For the record, Laugh-In uses the nation's finest original humor writers. It would certainly be beneath their professional dignity to plagiarize from anyone. Your cousin Stanley, like so many other home town wits, is a victim of comic coincidence — a most common occurrence in our business.

Editor

P.S.: There are several Toastmasters Clubs in Detroit. Which one is Stanley in and what nights do they meet?

Dear Laugh-In:  
I'm 72 years old and haven't laughed so hard at a show since they invented the boob tube. Even my hernia feels better. Thanks to you maniacs.

Cecil Granger  
Fargo, N.D.

Dear Laugh-In:  
Is it true that Goldie Hawn is Marie Wilson's daughter and that she ain't no dumb-dumb?

Herman Myer  
San Antonio, Tex.

Dear Herman:  
No she ain't — on both counts.

Editor

Dear Laugh-In:  
I've asked many people if Tiny Tim is a regular on your show. I've gotten all kinds of disturbing answers. What about it?

Selda Fox  
Des Moines, Iowa

Dear Selda:  
No he's not on every week. But as far as being regular — you'll just have to ask Tiny Tim.

Editor

Dear Laugh-In:  
Your show is quite wild and should be banned. A pox on people like you! Minnie Lacey  
Selma, Ala.

Dear Minnie:  
Well you gotta admit they're not chicken!

Editor

Dear Laugh-In:  
I've got a joke for your show. "Did you hear about the 3 holes in the ground?" "No..." "Well, well, well."

Please send my check to:  
Audrey Phillips  
2 W. Mason St.  
Toronto, Canada

Dear Audrey:  
You should be checked.  
Editor

Dear Laugh-In:  
Is it true that someone is coming out with a Laugh-In Magazine?  
Fred Rice  
Tampa, Fla.

Dear Fred:  
That decision is highly debatable.  
Editor

Dear Laugh-In:  
How about a Saki Tami section for my gang?  
Frank Nakamura  
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Laugh-In:  
My father is a judge, and he's so sick of everybody giving him "Here comes the Judge." I'd advise none of your writers to get caught speeding in my town.

Jenny Farbell  
(Town Withheld)

Dear Laugh-In:  
The only thing good on Laugh-In is the guy on the tricycle. My mother doesn't even like that. Ha ha on you from me. Fooey from mama.

Bill Cramer, age 8  
S. Bead, Ind.

Dear Laugh-In:  
Are Rowan and Martin the same two guys who used to be Martin and Lewis in the movies?

Jan Miller  
White Plains, N.Y.

Dear Jan:  
We're presently trying to check that story out.  
Editor

Dear Laugh-In:  
How about more broads on the show.  
Anon.

Dear Laugh-In:  
What does it mean when people talk about grass?

Darla Quinn  
Green Bay, Wisc.

Dear Darla:  
We think you need your lawn mowed!  
Editor

*Well, Dick... here we are with the very first issue of Laugh-In Magazine. For heaven's sake let's not make it cluttered. Let's just put one or two simple things on a page and not fill it up like the Laugh-In Show.*

**You bet your sweet bippy!**





I know a Japanese Jew  
Every December 7th  
he attacks Pearl Schwartz

I gave her a going away  
present — and she still won't  
go away.



You should come to one of  
our Planned Parenthood  
meetings and hear all about  
some of the wonderful things  
we're not doing this year.



Was Mission Impossible  
founded by the  
Franciscan Fathers?



Sock it to me

As I said to the Bishop just  
the other day, Horanna On High  
need not mean that the  
eyes are dilated.

The sailor who steers by  
another man's map cares not  
when the ship hits the sand.



Sock it to me

I wanted to be part of the  
Sexual Revolution . . . but I  
fucked the physical.



If France takes Gibraltar,  
wouldn't it be a deGault  
stone?



Fashion designer Rudi Gernreich  
interrupted his honeymoon  
today to have his cat spayed.

Ever try to sing the  
great songs from  
the Vietnamese war?



The pit of the olive and  
the arse of the jungle beast  
are to life as the string  
are to the yo-yo.



Sock it to me

Do you realize we spend  
more on food than  
India does on famine?



Would you want to  
live next door to a family of  
Albinos?



When I find a man who's  
exactly right for me . . . I just  
hope his wife won't make  
a scene.



Although there are many  
roads to salvation, why indeed  
should we not erect toll  
starions upon them?

The Bishop says he took last  
Sunday's sermon from  
Corinthians. I hope they'll  
never miss it.



The question is, should  
we grant King Kong amnesty  
if he breaks up the  
Empire State Building?



And then when someone  
said, "God Save The Queen",  
he did two more choruses of  
Tiptoe Through The Tulips.



Sock it to me

Under "Party Affiliation" I  
just put that I have one or two  
drinks and leave early.







Sex is a wonderful gift we've been given. Only for me it came in a plain brown wrapper.



It isn't so much that Harold Wilson is disliked, but that he'd work better if he represented another country.



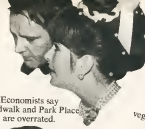
Sock it to me

Personally, I think Lee Radziwill is too young for Chill Wills.

Now that I've looked into the reincarnation theory, I find that I have a bad credit rating.



Economists say Boardwalk and Park Place are overrated.



Boris says that if the vegetarian candidate loses, he'll eat his heart out.



It has been written that the man who speaks with a forked tongue must never kiss the Goodyear Blimp.



Sock it to me



I always liked Rock Hudson until someone told me he was a thespian.



Boris just invented low-culture charcoal for pot-bellied stoves.

He's a psychiatrist and she's a doctor... but the marriage is working out because she makes him sick and he drives her crazy.



Dean Martin's old nose is alive! And living on Tiny Tim's face.

Truman Capote is against everything; I'd say he's just an old anti.



I was never so disappointed in my life. He asked me up to see his etchings — and he really had etchings!



I don't know what everybody's talking about. I've stayed in Motels for years and I've never seen any of it.



I have a new paper dress and Rudi Gernreich can't hold a candle to it.



Boris says the Russians could support the Prague government if it were run just more hard Czechs.



Sock it to me

It isn't that I don't like the Mormon Tabernacle Choir, it's just that I wouldn't want my son to marry them.

It is written that life has but two great tragedies: One is not getting the woman of your heart's desire — the other is getting her.







Our attempt here is to set forth an honest, open, frank and daring guide by which Americans may conduct themselves with regard to—you know—whatchamacallit.

To begin with, a lot of you have been playing Doctor again. That and a lot of other things you've been doing can lead to blindness and insanity. Also, although it isn't entirely proven yet, your dirty thinking can lead to increased auto insurance rates. Just try to think a minute before you do anything fun; say to yourself, "Is that a Laugh-In No No?"

Here is a wallet-sized list of No-No's for you to carry, although it's better if you commit them to memory.

1. Never apply Vaseline to a midget's earlobes.
2. Never look up filthy words in the Yellow Pages.
3. Never try to give an overwrought Bengal Tiger a cold hip bath.
4. Never buy obscene building plans from Tijuana Architects.
5. Never let your mom go through your desk drawer.
6. Never trust Hugh Hefner.

7. Never get into someone's car for a candy bar. A box of candy; yes. Also Fruit Cake or preserves.

8. Never walk naked into a Christian Science Reading Room.



Sometimes it helps if you find an idol and just follow their moral leadership. Our own Gladys typifies the ideal woman within the context of the Laugh-In philosophy.

"Filth!" declares Gladys in reference to the PTA, *Jack and Jill Magazine*, Walt Disney's *Bambi*, Mrs. Grace Coolidge, *Lassie* reruns, and the Julia Child cooking show. It was Gladys who first brought to our attention the possibility that the line "Redeeming social value" could well be a dirty line and that there is no telling *what* goes on in private chambers of the Supreme Court.

It is the Laugh-In philosophy that you should be followed. We don't trust any of you and we're pretty darned sure you are doing *something*. We can only hope this publication gets to you in time to help. In coming issues we will discuss such things as Dick Martin's Bippy, reading what you've been reading with a flashlight under the covers, the erotic fantasies of the Goodyear Blimp people, and the kind of people who try to molest Speaker of the House John McCormack. Meanwhile, try to think about something else. Get your mind off it. Try to shape up. It's ruining you. Thanks to the Laugh-In philosophy, there is hope for both you and Hugh Hefner too! There is, however, no hope for the two of you together.



Evelyn Wood would be on page 63 by now

Regis Philbin Isn't.



Leonard Bernstein Conducts Himself Properly

Sock it to me.



Bert Parks tells it like it is.



Humpty-Dumpty is broke

Why should the Olympic Team drink bottled water?



Did you know that Edward Everett Horton is still with us?



Beats the heck out of having him against us.



I believe the human body is a temple, but I can't seem to get the attendance up



If your soul is to be redeemed, the redeemer may also take possession of your Lou Rawls albums.

You idiot! The window shades!

If Walt were alive, he'd close the park for this.



Roy Disney is animated.

The hell with it. Wait for the Edsel.



You hurt that kid and you'll answer to me for it.



Lamont Cranston is afraid of his own shadow.





# IT'S NEW TALENT TIME

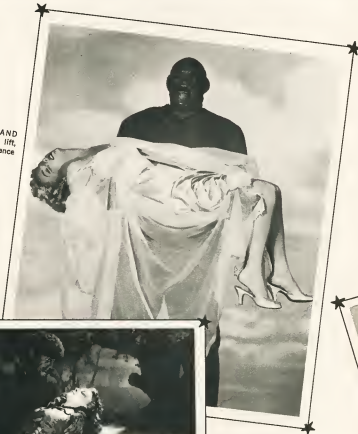
**Pretend you are Tiny Tim's Mom!**

**Dress him yourself. Send him out in the little outfit you think he will look best in.**



# IT'S NEW TALENT TIME

DANCE TEAM OF VELOZ AND SCHLECTON. Seen here in a lift, one of the pair's most exciting dance movements.



NELSON TURGGLEMAN and JANETTE BEASLEY offer those thrilling duets that captured the nation in the thirties. Unfortunately, Mr. Turggleman's breath has always been a problem and Miss Beasley passes out as often as a dozen times in each performance.

Here they are! The new talent sensations for this coming year. The new unknown ... but soon famous performers who will follow Tim down the golden path to stardom.



Sock it to me

LEONARD BERNSTEIN. No relation to the other Leonard Bernstein who also conducts, this Leonard Bernard Bernstein directs a stomach gas chorus at Del Webb's Sun City.



Louise Costello... Plays first violin with the Orchestra.

Herman Moon, world's highest male soprano. He achieves this effect by leaping up and landing on sharp spikes. Currently collecting disability insurance from a performance on Ted Mack's amateur hour.



# Let's Let Poland Alone! STOP POLISH JOKES!

Laugh-In Magazine calls upon every American to **STOP** Jokes like:

Why does a Polish race track driver make eight pit stops?

*Two for gas . . . six for directions.*

Why is a Polish Wedding Cake made out of garbage?

*To keep the flies off the bride.*

What's different about a Polish Tank?

*It's the only one with backup lights.*

What's the Capital of Poland?

*About \$37.50.*

What is the easiest job in Poland?

*Intelligence Officer in the Polish Army.*

What do you call two Polacks in a bathtub?

*A double ring ceremony.*

Then there's a contest that offered a \$2.00 first prize . . .

*Second prize is a trip to Poland.*

How did the Polack get 35 holes in his forehead?

*Learning to eat with a fork.*

Why does it take three Polacks to change a lightbulb?

*One to hold the bulb and two to turn the ladder.*

How do you break a Polack's finger?

*Hit him in the nose.*

What's a Polack's matched set of luggage?

*Four A & P bags.*

Where is the best place to hide money from a Polack?

*Under a bar of soap.*

Did you hear about the Polish Karate Expert?

*He killed himself saluting.*

How much does it cost a Polack to get a haircut?

*\$4.00 . . . \$1.00 for each side.*

Did you hear about the Polish Kamakazi Pilot?

*He was ready to go on his 158th mission.*

Why can't a Polack commit suicide by jumping out his bedroom window?

*Because basements aren't high enough.*

What happens to a Polack who picks his nose?

*His head collapses.*

What is the difference between a Polish wedding and a Polish Funeral?

*One less drunk at the funeral.*

Recently, *Newsweek Magazine* reported that an organization known as *The Polish-American Guardian Society* cited the Laugh-In television show for the broadcasting of tasteless, cutting, and unfair jokes about Poles. We say, "Here Here!!" It's about time this kind of thing stopped. The Poles are some of our finest citizens and these cruel jokes inaccurately depict this splendid people as a bunch of bumbler.

Laugh-In Magazine now takes the forthright position that we must halt this injustice. Let us stop maligning the Polish people. Let us, once and for all, stop the spreading of these terrible jokes.







SOCK IT TO ME

Mission Impossible was founded by the Franciscan Monks

Cleopatra had a mark against her.

Tricia is Important.

As I said, Doctor, this friend of mine

Mission Impossible was founded by the Franciscan Monks

Somebody ought to write a book about Peyton Place!

The question is, should we grant King Kong Amnesty if he damages the Empire State Building.



"We must regrettably return your money for the noble Betty Furness calendars."

Keep Lorne Greene.

So what if we don't have luggage.



Sock it to me



Sock it to me



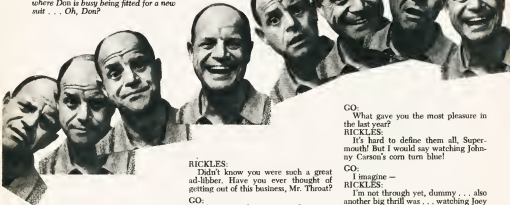


# Gary Owens interviews Don Rickles

*This is Gary Owens, speaking off stage where I can't hear me... and reminding you that we're about to interview the man known to millions as "Mr. Insult" ... Don Rickles.*

*Don stars in his own show on ABC-TV (starting Sept. 27) and is an annual fixture at the Sahara Hotel... he's been there for the last ten years... and has a best selling album on Warner Brothers-Seven Arts called, "Hello, Dummy!"*

*I'm just now entering the clothing store in Devil May Care Beverly Hills where Don is busy being fitted for a new suit... Oh, Don?*



**RICKLES:**

Hello, Dummy... You could use a new suit yourself, you look like you fell out of a Goodwill Industries truck!

**GO:**

Actually, Don, Laugh-In magazine has commissioned me to do this hard hitting interview with you... have you always wanted to be Mr. Insult?

**RICKLES:**

No, Carnish... I haven't always wanted to be Mr. Insult! I wanted to be Mr. Frank Sinatra... but some aging singer took that name.

**GO:**

Do you have a favorite hobby?

**RICKLES:**

My, hobby is walking right past the newsstand that sells this yo-yo magazine! It's not even big enough to swat flies.

**GO:**

Don, you've been in showbusiness for some years now, what would you say was your most inspiring experience?

**RICKLES:**

Isn't that sweet! My most inspiring experience was the night a drunken sailor upchucked on my pants!

**GO:**

That was inspiring?

**RICKLES:**

It inspired me to go change my pants.

**GO:**

You're kidding.

**RICKLES:**

I spend my leisure time leisurely...

**GO:**

Every big star seems to be able to categorize his greatest accomplishment... can you tell us yours?

**RICKLES:**

WHY the hell do you keep holding your hand over your ear? Do you have an extra nose under there? My greatest accomplishment in showbiz has been avoiding stupid interviews like this until now!

**GO:**

As for personal likes and dislikes, what is your favorite fruit?

**RICKLES:**

"Anyone who asks a question like that... the wagon is going to come and get him!"

**GO:**

What gave you the most pleasure in the last year?

**RICKLES:**

It's hard to define them all, Super-mouth! But I would say watching Johnny Carson's corn turn blue!

**GO:**

I imagine—

**RICKLES:**

I'm not through yet, dummy... also another big thrill was... watching Joey Bishop Blink! and still another wonderful moment was watching Ed Sullivan introduce a dead bear!

**GO:**

DON, I notice the time is fleeting... one last hard hitting question; what was your most unusual experience?

**RICKLES:**

I would say chatting with dummies like you... by the way, your tailor needs help!

**GO:**

This is your sun tanned bronzed Adonis of the airwaves Gary Owens returning you to our main studios... transcribed.



Why on earth are you spending all that money telling your dreams to some quack for thirty dollars an hour when the Laugh-In Magazine Editorial Board, Psychiatric Section, can do it for you? Just look how we're helping some people you know!

## DREAM

I was standing before King Louis XVI at Versailles, wearing nothing but Wiley Post's eye patch, when Marie Antoinette came toward me with a banana squash made entirely out of precious jewels. She was insanely jealous because of the way Louis was looking at my body, which by this time was undulating to the beat of an Al Jolson Mammy Song, which was coming from a Singer Sewing Machine—shaped like Leonard Bernstein. Marie's head came off and Louis turned into a pair of gilded Keds.

## ANALYSIS

It's simple. You have a sublimated desire to see Ann-Margret bathe in a vat of goat's milk.



## DREAM

The Bishop had called me in to discuss the sermon topic for the following Sunday. I had chosen Paul's revelation of the burning bush. Lo and behold, as I looked into the Bishop's face, it became apparent that he was Smokey The Bear. Naturally, there followed one of those great moral and theological confrontations of conjecture. Just what would have been the course of Christianity if, indeed, Smokey The Bear had come upon the burning bush rather than Paul?

## ANALYSIS

You mean you've never visited St. Smokey's Cathedral in London?

## DREAM

The guard at the west gate to the White House checked my identification but made no mention of the fact that I was entirely naked. I walked through a series of offices in which various members of the President's cabinet wildly responded to my undulating body. The Beat of Hail To The Chief setting free inhibitions that had imprisoned my fevered soul too long. In the last office, at the very peak of animalistic, pulsating, rampant frenzy—Dean Rusk stood atop his desk eating a large mass of Karmel Korn, shaped like Mrs. Grover Cleveland. Finally, the President entered wearing a Polish Folk Dance costume and carrying a Shirley Temple cream pitcher—which he ate.

## ANALYSIS

You should not be unduly alarmed. Everyone has this dream, only usually it's with a jeweled banana squash rather than with Karmel Korn.

## DREAM

I dream I'm in Heaven! I die. Go to Heaven. Everything is made Vinyl. Plastic. Beautiful! Tree: plastic! Flower: Plastic! Own bathroom—two family. No four family! God come in. I hear nice welcome talk. He says, "You like Heaven. You must promise to keep Heaven clean!" God wear expensive looking suit. Nice necktie. Good place.

## ANALYSIS

You forgot to mention . . . they also keep the cellophane on the lampshades up there for a full ten thousand years after purchase.



## DREAM

I saw a lonely pickup truck on a dusty road somewhere in the Southwest. I was entirely naked. On both sides of the road, the giant cacti became pulsating tomtoms. As my body began to undulate, the pickup truck gradually changed into the form of a terrible, passion-mad, lascivious beast. It came at me with whisp, chains, and a bag of dried figs. The searing welts left on my tormented body took the form of the CBS eye. As the tomtoms reached the pinnacle of their metered rage—Keefe Brasselle handed me a cup of hot cocoa.

## ANALYSIS

It is absolutely essential to your stability that you completely re-enact this dream. Contact Keefe Brasselle through the William Morris Office. The figs run around 30¢ at the Ranch Market.



## DREAM

I saw a bird. It went "Tweet".

## ANALYSIS

The stark simplicity expressed in the manifest content of this dream illustrates the attempt of the unconscious through distortion to disguise the most profound neurotic conflicts. It is a striking example of repression, hiding from herself the anxiety and depression so evident to the objective observer.

The bird here represents her longing for security and her underlying identity confusion crying out in a helpless manner her frustration with life. The fact that the bird only says "tweet" and the absence of background description in the fantasy reveal the poverty of ideas and affect symptomatic qualities of profound delusion. The origin of this is most likely early trauma that her male siblings were, endowed when a gift from her parents was denied to her.



## DREAM

I thought I had awakened; I heard something in the living room. I got up and went in and found Boris there with a floozie-looking blonde. I broke both his legs and smashed her over the head with a two hundred pound Mexican pot we picked up in Tijuana.

## ANALYSIS

It is important for you to realize this was ONLY A DREAM and that you should not transfer your hostilities to Boris or a blonde woman simply because you dreamed this distasteful little drama.



Boris and the blonde are both in the emergency care ward at Mt. Sinai. I'll try to remember what you say when I visit.

## DREAM

Flanked by Mao Tse-tung and Chou En Lai, my naked and undulating body pulsed to the rhythm of a thousand Oriental flutes. Three and one half million Chinese stood before me and I realized that it was MY sensuality that caused them to unleash balloons and doves rather than their admiration for their political leaders. Amid the rising pitch of flutes and voices, driven Asiatic by the sensuality of my form—I ordered dinner "A", which included the Won Ton soup and the pea pods.

## ANALYSIS

Geeeeezzzzzz!



# Rowan & Martin:

# The NOW Couple!

**They've  
been  
together  
16 years.**

## Dan Rowan

Born: July 2 Height: 6'2" Weight: 135  
Color Hair: Brown Color Eyes: Hazel

Have you ever asked yourself this question, Which one is Rowan and which one is Martin? If you have, then your confusion is over as of this minute. DAN ROWAN is the one with the mustache.

DICK MARTIN is that happy looking guy over at the right. He should look happy. Right now he has the kind of life 9/10ths of today's male population dreams about. He's rich, healthy, single, famous, and sharp enough to juggle all the elements into one continuous ball, generously sprinkled with dolls (not the kind that put you to sleep.)

DAN does all right himself. He lives a casual beach-life existence in the exclusive Marina del Rey community in Southern California where he keeps his two boats, a ketch and a sloop, two Mercedes, a Chevy Corvette, an Austin Healy, and a pair of miniature poodles.

Privately, these are the good years for Dan. He married early in life but the union ended in divorce, as Dick Martin's first attempt at domesticity did. But unlike Dick, Dan married a second time after five years as a bachelor and today he is happily happy.

There's a relaxed quality about Dan that probably had its beginning just a little over five years ago when he met his current wife, the lovely Adriana van Ballegoyen. Adriana is a Dutch-born Australian who was introduced to Dan when he and Dick were appearing in Sydney.

The Rowans are definitely stay-at-homes, but Dan insists he isn't anti-social. "I just prefer a small group of friends to large crowds. I've always found home entertaining the best. The food's better, the service is better, and the surroundings are cleaner. Many of these so-called 'in places' around Hollywood look more like freak farms to me."

Adriana gives Dan the kind of life that sparkles with an international flair. To be entertained by the Rowans on their boat not only boasts of Dan's witty conversation but has Adriana's superb cooking.

Dan and Adriana have no children together. "She travels with me everywhere I go. I do have three children by my first marriage. They're all in their teens. My son's a senior at Santa Clara University and lives with me when he's not in school. The youngest girl, 16, lives with her mother and my other daughter who's 18 is now out on her own for the first time."

Dan Rowan is a thoughtful person, slow talking, and like many other comedians, serious. He feels very strongly on some issues and even though Laugh-In is a topical show, insists on steering away from certain jokes that may be offensive. Most of the Rowan and Martin routines are backed up by a feeling of modern awareness. They reflect what's really going on. And Dan is definite about what he believes to be vulgar or bad taste.

"The obscenities and vulgarities of life are much more concerned with assassination, war, and violence. I have never found anything obscene or vulgar about sexuality except, of course, forcible rape or child molestation, both of which are the result of a mentally disturbed person."

"The act of making love in its various forms between consenting adults is a thing of grace, fun, and affection. I say up with lovemaking and down with fighting."

Standing on stage rolling out the lines to Dick, Dan presents quite a handsome picture in his tailored clothes. For years now Dan has

## Dick Martin

Born: January 30 Height: 6'13/4" Weight: 170  
Color Hair: Brown Color Eyes: Brown

been interested in fashion, designing most of the outfits he and Dick wear in their act.

Comedy, as put forth by Rowan and Martin, is not easy to come by. It reflects a New quality that smacks of current awareness and enlightenment. Dan knows the complexities of making people laugh and works hard at his job. "It's a helluva lot easier to make people cry than it is to make them laugh, because people are more inclined to cry. Without a sense of humor, I don't see how any of us could ever endure. With things like they are today there would be mass suicides. This is why ours is such a serious business. It's a responsibility to make people laugh and it takes a lot of reading and observing to be absolutely sure of what's going on."

And now here's DICKIE . . .

There's a smile in his voice and a twinkle in his eye. Wherever there's the most night-time action is where you'll find this whoop-de-do bachelor. After one bad marriage, Dick is of the opinion that the man and wife bit can't work for anyone and he'll give you the odds to back up his theory.

DICK moves so fast it's unlikely that anyone else will become Mrs. Martin for a few years, at least. A quiet evening to Dick is going to a dinner party with eight or ten friends. He's usually out living it up at one of the three discotheques he belongs to: The Daisy, the Factory, or the Jazz Suite.

"I'm not nearly as social as everyone says," Dick insists, but Dan backs up the other viewpoint. "Dick's never at home in the evening unless he's just too tired to run anymore."

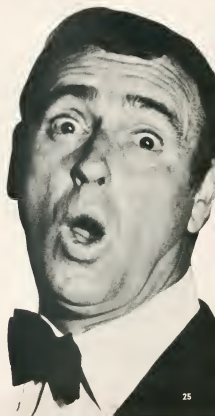
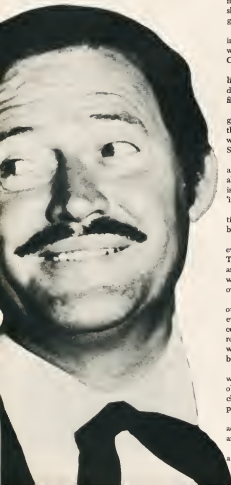
Home to Dan is a small but groovy pad in Beverly Hills. He lives alone and loves it surrounded by things he's purchased over the years, primarily from antique stores and specialty shops. "I wouldn't call myself a decorator, but I do get a kick out of arranging things."

Unlike Dan, Dick isn't very interested in foods or wines. He can't play tennis and dislikes cards. "One of the two things I enjoy most is golf!" This probably takes up most of his time and Dick's very serious about it. He played every day during Rowan and Martin's engagement in Reno this summer. Always an early riser, Dick's as happy on the green as he is on the stage.

At rehearsal Dick is the center of work. Here is where he comes up with most of the ideas used in the routines. "I never think about any of our routines when not on stage. Nearly all of what we say is created during the performance. Then, of course, we use it again. I guess you could call what we do improvisation. It may sound silly, but you've got to remember that we've been together more than 16 years and writers find it very difficult to write for us. Goodman Ace used to do the kind of writing we need when he worked the old Perry Como show. He used a very loose sort of outline. I think we're the only act who does it this way. Most comedians hire writers who give them jokes."

Being out amidst the Hollywood set keeps Dick very aware of what's happening and he has great respect for today's youth. "They're much more advanced than we were twenty or thirty years ago. They're much more aware. Some of their methods I don't understand like breaking windows and throwing bombs. That I don't understand at all.

**A lot of  
marriages  
don't last  
that long  
and those have  
sex going  
for them.**







HAVANA, CUBA... PRIME MINISTER FIDEL CASTRO REVEALED PLANS TODAY TO BUILD A MULTI-MILLION PERSO HOTEL COMPLEX TO ACCOMMODATE THE RUSH OF HIJACK AIRLINE BUSINESS POURING INTO HIS COUNTRY. THE HOTEL WILL FEATURE A GUN SHOP SO THAT PASSENGERS CAN FORCE PILOTS TO OTHER CARIBBEAN RESORT CITIES ON THEIR WAY HOME.

TOKYO, JAPAN... SERVICES WERE HELD TODAY FOR JAPANESE WAR LORD KANAMASUMMI MITSUBUSISUI, WHO PERFORMED THE WORLD'S FIRST HART KARI BY JAMMING A TRANSISTOR RADIO INTO HIS STOMACH. AMERICAN SINGER FRANKIE LAINE HONORED THE FUNERAL BY SINGING MADAME BUTTERFLY OVER SHORT WAVE, WHICH COULD BE CLEARLY HEARD FROM SOMEPLACE BETWEEN MITSUBUSISUI'S LIVER AND HIS SPLEEN.

LONDON, ENGLAND... QUEEN ELIZABETH II ANNOUNCED TODAY THAT IF THE GOVERNMENT OF PRIME MINISTER WILSON FALLS, SHE IS CONSIDERING ASKING HAROLD STASSEN TO FORM A NEW ONE.

ATLANTIC CITY, NEW JERSEY... IT WAS REVEALED TODAY THAT BERT PARKS WILL ONCE AGAIN BE MASTER OF CEREMONIES AT NEXT YEAR'S MISS AMERICA PAGEANT. WHEN TOLD OF THE HONOR, MR. PARKS CLUTCHED A DOZEN LONG-STEMMED ROSES AND BROKE DOWN AND CRIED.

News  
Present

News  
Past



1239 ICELAND... ERIC THE RED ANNOUNCED TODAY HE WOULD SAIL A NORSE SHIP TO THE COAST OF NORTH AMERICA AND, WITH LUCK, WOULD BE THERE BY COLUMBUS DAY.

1 MILLION B.C.... THE NATIONAL ROCK ASSOCIATION BEGAN A CAMPAIGN AGAINST ROCK CONTROL LEGISLATION. "ROCKS DON'T KILL PEOPLE, PEOPLE KILL PEOPLE," SAID OGG UGGHT, PRESIDENT OF THE NRA. "ROCK REGISTRATION," SAID UGGHT, "WILL ULTIMATELY LEAD TO CONFISCATION OF ALL ROCKS."

1903 KITTY HAWK, N.C.... RESIDENTS OF THIS SMALL COMMUNITY HAVE EXPRESSED CURIOSITY ABOUT THE ACTIVITIES OF TWO BROTHERS, NEW TO THIS AREA. ALL THAT IS KNOWN IS THAT THEY LEAVE HOME EACH MORNING CARRYING COFFEE, TEA, OR MILK.

1688 VIRGINIA... SIR WALTER RALEIGH SENT A SHIP TO LONDON TODAY WHICH HE SAYS CONTAINS LEAVES FOR SMOKING. HE IS CURRENTLY BARGAINING FOR A SHIPOAD OF LEAVES FOR SMOKING WITH A GROWER IN MEXICO, "WHO," SAYS RALEIGH, "IS A LITTLE HIGH."

News  
Future

1968 HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA... SCREEN STAR AUDREY HEPBURN, NOW WEIGHING OVER TWO HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIVE POUNDS AND SOLE INHERITOR OF THE JANE DAWELL ROLES, IS PLANNING TO WRITE A BOOK. TENTATIVE TITLE IS: "HOW I SWITCHED TO THREE QUARTS OF WESSON OIL AND NINE O HENRY BARS A DAY."

1968 TEXAS STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE... EX-PRESIDENT LYNDON JOHNSON EXPRESSED DISAPPOINTMENT TODAY IN NOT HAVING ONE SINGLE ENROLLER IN HIS CLASSES SINCE HE SIGNED ON TO THE FACULTY HERE ALMOST TWENTY YEARS AGO. "THEY'LL COME," HE SAID JISTFULLY. "AN HAVE FAITH IN THE YOUNG PEOPLE OF AMERICA."

1968 HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA... ONE-TIME SCREEN IDOLS BURT LANCASTER AND KIRK DOUGLAS ADMITTED TODAY THEY HAVEN'T WORKED SINCE OCTOBER OF 1968 WHEN THEY BOTH HAD THEIR TEETH PULLED OUT IN A FUTILE BID FOR THE LEAD IN THE MONS MABLEY STORY.

1968 DETROIT, MICHIGAN... GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION REPORTED TODAY THAT THE 1964 CORVAIRS WERE STILL RUNNING SMOOTHLY, BUT THAT RALPH NADER HAD HAD A BREAKDOWN.

1968 CAIRO, EGYPT... AS ISRAELI TROOPS MARCHED INTO CAIRO AFTER REPELLING THE MOST RECENT ARAB ATTEMPT TO PUSH THEIR TINY COUNTRY INTO THE SEA, COLONEL ABDUL GAMMEL NASSER ANNOUNCED THAT HE HAD ALWAYS BEEN JEWISH AND WELCOMED THE OPPORTUNITY TO BE CLOSER TO PEOPLE OF HIS OWN FAITH. THE AGING EGYPTIAN LEADER SPOKE FROM A TABLE AT THE VEZ DELICATESSEN WHERE HE HAD JUST ORDERED TWO HOT CORNED BEEFS ON RYE, LEAN.



News  
Future

1968 WASHINGTON, D.C.... THE PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION SAID TODAY THAT A GUN BILL WAS TOTALLY UNNECESSARY. HE FURTHER ADDED THAT THE BILL HAD LITTLE CHANCE OF BEING PASSED BECAUSE OVER FOUR HUNDRED OF THE FIVE HUNDRED MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES HAVE BEEN SHOT WITHIN THE PAST YEAR AND A QUORUM WOULD THEREFORE BE DIFFICULT TO FIND.



"Fill her up!"



"Ethel if I live through this, I'm suing for divorce!"



"Sulk please!"

COSPER



"Where do I plug in, man?"



Reception

MOTEL REGISTERS

A  
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# INTERNATIONAL GOODDIES!

Here they are this month, the best from England and France.



"Hubert, it's our 30th anniversary.  
When are we going to get married?"



"Yes, I was right — there was someone downstairs."



"I've brought the shovels — now tell me this new theory of yours?"

R-R-R-ING!

R-R-R-ING!

I yanked it off the hook. "Hello," I barked.

"Hi Champ," the frisky voice from the other end whipped back. "Sorry if I woke you up. I forgot you like to catch a quick cat nap on Saturday afternoons. It's me, Bob."

It was Hope again. I guess I can expect to be awakened by Bob just about every other Saturday. Oh well, too late to cut him off now. For a guy that's been bugging me for over 25 years maybe I should have chopped him off when he first barged out of Cleveland.

"OK Bobby, shoot. What's the problem this time?"

"No big sweat Champ," Bob hastened to explain. "I just want to thank you for that tip on Western Abyssinian Oil. The stock tripled in a month. Baby, you're the greatest!"

The kid was always trying to butter me up if he felt I was getting a little miffed with him. "It's, OK, Junior. Glad

this to the press and I'll cut you off without another gag or tip. Now shove off. I expect another call right about now."

"Aha, bet I know who it is. I understand Jonathan Winters hopped into that Transylvanian Titanium mining deal too, huh? I can put two and two together."

"Goodbye, Bob!"

Bob was no fool. He knew when I was reaching my limit. "OK Champ. See ya soon. And thanks again."

"Cut it out," I said, and clicked it off. Oh well, another Saturday afternoon siesta messed up. Hope was getting a little uptight about Winters. Actually I also put Don Adams and Godfrey Cambridge into that one, too. Guess I'll have to spread the tips around a little better. I'm liable to get a little too careless and it will all pop out. That's the last thing I want—publicity!

R-R-R-ING! R-R-R-ING!

Oh, dammit! "Hello."

"Hi Champ baby." It was Gleason.

"I didn't expect you. What the hell

# Hello... Hello... Hello... Champ!

By Ira Laufer

you took my advice. By the way, caught your last Viet Nam special. Happy you took my tip and dropped the three Tijuana folk dancers. That act just didn't make it."

"As soon as you mentioned it I knew you were right," Hope snapped back. "Incidentally, thanks for the Phyllis Diller monologue. She loved it. She couldn't believe you whipped it up during one of our phone conversations. Hey, did you catch the piece on me in *Fortune*?"

"Yeah Bob, I caught it." And, he caught the exasperation in my voice and jumped right in.

"Wait a minute. I didn't want to sound like I'm bragging. I'd be nowhere without you. You know that. I just wish you'd let me spread it to the world. This secrecy bit with your insistence that no one ever knows about your helping me is crazy. Plus, those real estate and stock tips on top of the routines you give me. . . ."

"Hold it Bob," I shouted. "I explained the whole bit to you years ago. This is my gig . . . helping. Leak one word of

are you calling about?" I was really getting edgy now. "You should be on easy street. I gave you enough material last week to handle your first six weeks of material this season."

"Champ," Jackie wailed, "I'm in a hell of a bind. I did the Hollywood bit last week and they got me gassed one night up on the Sunset Strip. Like a boob I stood up in Chasens and rattled off the whole damn month's supply of ad libs. I'm sunk for the first show and Rickles is my opening guest. He'll destroy me. I need help Champ . . . your kind of help."

"Look Jackie." My voice edged with impatience. "Remember back to that seedy night club in Newark? I found you there and worked you into a tryout on the old Dumont network. You came through with flying colors so it was no problem to give you the nod when Paley wanted some fresh talent on The Big Eye. When I decided to give you The Honeymooners instead of slipping it to Red Buttons it almost finished my friendship with Red. But you and Art

continued on page 64

★  
LAUGH IN  
Fiction





This man turns Tiny Tim on.



Simoniz Rubs Me The Wrong Way



SOCK IT TO ME



Anything that would crush a kid like that can't be all bad.

Sophia Loren has double vision

This man is Howard Hughes. His picture would not be in this magazine if he owned it. The check should be made out to Laugh-In Magazine, Beautiful Downtown Burbank, California.

Daisies will tell. You just have to torture them a little.

Mothers of Invention — Call the U.S. Pat. Off.

Nancy Sinatra Relates



Tiny Tim, please report to the locker room



THIS WEEK IN BURBANK

# BURBANK



A civic official points the way to the completely refurbished room in the Nurn Hotel, Burbank's finest—located in the heart of Beautiful Downtown Burbank, just 22 Hundred miles southwest of Winnipeg, Canada.



One of the many attractive rooms at the Nurn Hotel, Burbank's Finest.



**LAWRENCE WELK SHOW INTERRUPTED!**  
Virtually the entire population of Burbank was plunged into confusion and idleness last Saturday night when The Lawrence Welk Show was interrupted by a power failure.

Thousands upon thousands stopped dancing in their living rooms and in the theaters (where the entire Lawrence Welk Show is piped in each week). There was said to be panic and hysteria. It may be remembered that it was in Burbank that Mr. Welk's clothes were torn off recently. "At first, my wife and I just stood there in the dark", said Willard T. Finch, Burbank Taxidermist, "then we began to say 'Dotch-Plymitt' over and over to ourselves so we wouldn't go to places. No one in Burbank has ever been without Lawrence Welk before. It was awful."



Sack it to me

Also at the Nurn this week, the Starlight Roof, located on the second floor, played host to the Burbank Italian Anti-Defamation League, whose president promised to lob overripe fruit at a local TV station for using reruns of The Untouchables.



One woman is said to have strangled herself with a dolly rather than go without the Hammond Organ solo. Burbank public schools will not reopen until civic officials are sure the children have been able to see a repeat of the broadcast missed. Monitors have been set up on Burbank streets and in the lobby of the Nurn so that everyone might make up for this tragic loss. The program will be continuously shown throughout the week.

It was announced yesterday that Roton R. Edison, president of Burbank Electrical Utility Co. took his own life by standing in an electric fry pan in wet tennis shoes.

The famous have finally discovered Beautiful Downtown Burbank. (It was only a matter of time). On these descriptive pages you'll see the pressure being put on author-connoisseur Truman Capote by his socialite friends in a series of captivating post cards about the multiple charms of "action-city No. 1."



Mr. Truman!

It's so wonderful.

You know that you do  
London. Well, I want  
offices much much more

This place just is you.  
Please be Radipail

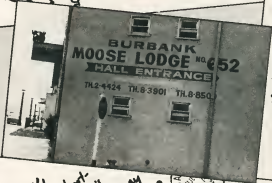
Mr.  
87

New York 10017  
N.Y.



TRUMAN BABY! LEE, BOSSO,  
DIE DIE AND ALL THE REST  
URGED ME TO COME OUT HERE  
AND I'M GLAD I DID! FORGET  
KAPUICO, THE GREEK ISLANDS  
AND THE REST! BURE. BURB.  
BURBANK, I'M AND FOR YOU.

HUGS,  
LENNY BERNSTEIN



TRUMAN,  
The intelligence  
journal climate here is  
truly exciting. This library  
has over 11 books! Also  
Good have keeping and some  
old Colliers...  
Bennett  
Cory



Mr.  
87  
New  
N



D.T. You must  
promise to stay here  
at the Savoy with  
the rest of us. I've  
ordered matching  
bowling shirts for  
all of us from the  
mart supply shop  
downstairs.  
Such convenience!  
Kissies Lee



M  
870 United  
No longer at this address. Forward to:  
Gen. Delivery, Burbank, Calif.  
92210 100017  
N. Y.



Can't tell you how the  
much fun coming all the  
way to B. on this bus was!  
Lenny Bernstein hummed  
and whistled. Jack had  
bed trials, and Dee Dee  
Dixie, and Dee Dee three  
up!  
Lee-lee

Ms. Fann  
870 United  
New York

HI, HI! LEE LOOKED  
SO CUTE IN HER  
NEW BOWLING SHIRT,  
SO I BOUGHT A COM-  
PLETE OUTFIT HERE  
I LOOK SO YUMMY!  
WATCHTOWER MAG-  
IS AFTER ME FOR  
A COVER.  
ZSA ZSA



MR  
870  
NEW



# SOCIETY

## Of Beautiful Downtown Burbank

*Burbankian Betrothed.*



Miss Beverly Sue-Jean Runch, daughter of the prominent Burbank Chiropractor and his accordion-playing, socially active wife, revealed today her plan to wed Seaman First Class Lloyd "Bob" Grubbs, whom she recently met while on weekend in Tijuana. Miss Runch (shown above with her hope chest) stated that although she has not heard from Seaman Grubbs since they formulated their marriage plans five months ago, the October 5th date stands.

The popular Burbank girl attended Burbank High School and was active there in the 'Girl's Athletic Association until she accidentally killed her coach during a game of badminton. The mother of the betrothed, Mrs. Trixie Sue-Jean Runch, recently gave a Hassock shower for her daughter at which the girl received over twenty-five hassocks for her future home, which she claims will be "somewhere in Burbank when we get married and my husband has his discharge."



Prominent electrolysis expert visits other side of Burbank.

The wedding will be held at the Burbank Moose Lodge after which close friends of the bride and shipmates of the groom will attend a reception at Earl's Chicken Box Cafe. The couple will then sojourn to the Nurn Hotel, in the very center of Beautiful Downtown Burbank where they plan to honeymoon until, as the bride-to-be put it, "...the leave, the money, or the inclination runs out." The Maid of Honor at the Runch-Grubbs Nuptials will be the bride's brother, Bruce.

The service will be performed by the Pastor of the First Church of The Holy Redeemed Salvationist Gospellers, Dr. Willis Ralph-Bob "Bob" Frint, the family's spiritual advisor since they were thrown out of a Billy Graham rally under mysterious circumstances a few years ago.

### Junior Assistance League Drive

Junior Assistance League drive chairman Lilla Jean Frig announced today the 1968 Fall charity drive would be for the exclusive aid of Albino Hunchbacks. The goal of the drive is currently set at \$9075.42, or what Mrs. Frig calculates to be the amount necessary to buy Albino Hunchbacks the things the Junior Assistance League members feel are most urgently needed. Zithers, skip ropes, and canned Zucchini head the list thus far.

Mrs. Frig also headed last year's drive, which was for victims of Acne in Yucatan. "If you could just have seen those young faces!" she enthused. "All broken out in smiles."

## WEST BURBANK COUPLE VISITS EASTERN FRIENDS

Edsel and Murna Johnson, the prominent electrolysis expert and his wife, recently returned from an extensive tour of East Burbank. Edsel Johnson, who is a fifth cousin through marriage to Lyndon B. Johnson, stated that he planned to describe the entire trip to the President in a thirty-five page handwritten letter even though he never met his famous relative.

The Johnsons left their West Burbank home at eight in the morning on the day of the trip and didn't return until well past six that evening. "It was the experience of our lives!" said Johnson. "We planned it and planned it... and it finally happened!" Mr. Johnson made notes of the more exciting West Burbank attractions that particularly appealed to him.

First, they went downtown and watched the parking meters violate themselves.

Then, they saw the president of the Burbank Sports Car Club drive his Rambler.

Toward afternoon they watched an elderly GOGO dancer remove a crocheted sweater.

Last, they actually saw the Sergeant of Arms of the Burbank Garden Club arrest a vagrant.

"We saved up for it and oow that it's over, we'll never forget it," Johnson ejaculated. "The Western part of Burbank is every bit as much Foo City as the eastern part."

Mr. Johnson refused further comment because of the death of his wife an hour before. The county coroner listed Mrs. Johnson's death as the result of "Over-excitement brought about by fast living." The services will be held in the Speedy Cafeteria prior to the regular opening time this coming Thursday.



# THE PAY ATTENTION QUIZ

Test Yourself As A Laugh-In Viewer !

Give yourself five points for each correct answer. If you watched Laugh-In very carefully last season you **could** score 1000 points. It also could mean you never are invited to go out.

## Show Number One:

- A. Did you see Joan Crawford force a gorilla to drink a Pepsi?
- B. " " Howard Hughes singing "Tip Toe Through The Tulips"?
- C. " " General Sarnoff quietly trying to sell out.

## Show Number Two:

- A. Did you see The Boston Symphony molest a dwarf?
- B. " " The Burbank Police Chief bust an illegal tapioca ring?
- C. " " A midget molest a dwarf?

## Show Number Six:

- A. Did you see Dr. Max Rafferty wearing a chicken suit?
- B. " " Mrs. Ronald Reagan completely shave a live musk ox?
- C. " " Queen Mother Elizabeth mud wrestle an alligator?

## Show Number Eleven:

- A. Did you see Leon Trotsky remove an ice axe from his head?
- B. " " Buster Crabbe remove navel lint?
- C. " " A motel remove a Laugh-In writer?

## Show Number Twelve:

- A. Did you see Jeanette MacDonald singing **Burbank** (during Burbank Quake)?
- B. " " Sodom and Gomorrah reject Burbank as a sister city?
- C. " " The Burbank Vice Squad in uniforms with 7,000 Sequins each?

## Show Number Fourteen:

- A. Did you see six Beverly Hills surgeons remove Gary Owens hand from his ear?
- B. " " Singer Leontine Price shatter a Wino with her high C?
- C. " " The Catholic Church cancel the Burbank franchise?

## Show Number Nineteen:

- A. Did you see Norman Vincent Peale conquer a King Cobra with positive thinking?
- B. " " A King Cobra conquer Norman Vincent Peale with a nation's gratitude?
- C. " " Julie Andrews eat a live bat?



socketH·it·UNto  
THiNE  
NEIGH·  
BOR!

# An Examination Of Some Of The New Religions

## FIRST CHURCH OF THE REDEEMED REDEEMERS

Members are able to Redeem each other in this popular Southern California religion. They do not have churches as we know them, they have Redemption Centers. Members can be redeemed for either merchandise or Blue Chip Stamps. In this religion, baptism is carried out by total submersion in hydrochloric acid, a principle of faith that has cut membership alarmingly. The Zelta, or pastor as Redeemers call them, can perform weddings but not funerals: Redeemers do not believe in death. When one of them dies, they not only do not accept it—they ship the body on a package Hawaiian tour and send it post cards.

## FIRST ECCLESIASTICAL WITNESSES OF HOPE

This group believes that Wednesday is the Sabbath, so on Tuesday nights a lot of them get drunk and run around because they think they can sleep in before church in the morning. Very few remain steadily employed. Hoppers, as they are popularly known, are waiting for a giant Ground Hog to return to earth—at which time Non-Hoppers will perish. They believe Baltimore, Maryland is the hole from which the Ground Hog will emerge. Hoper children try for a Perfect Attendance Wednesday School pin.

## COPTIC GRACE OF LIN

This sect bases its creed on The Holy Mystic Fren, which is divine revelation as it appeared to Frankie Avalon at the age of twelve. Members are currently being assessed 86% of their incomes to erect a forty-eight story, solid marble replica of Frankie Avalon. The erection will have a foundation of 300 1957 Studebakers so that it will be the world's largest dash-board religious figure.

## THE HOLINESS PENTECOSTAL BELIEVERS

The church altar for "Believers" is made entirely out of animal fat in commemoration of the death of the church founder, Willard D. Bixby, who died weighing 643 lbs. as a result of eating too many church box suppers. "Believers" believe belief is believable and that an after life is possible only if you touch one of the Lennon Sisters' moles.

## FOON

This is a meditation cult that believes divine inspiration can only come if one is entirely sealed in Kaiser Foil. Believers in Foon are determined that all human sin could be forgiven if Bette Davis were to be dropped from a tri-motor Ford Airplane at a high altitude. Foon people do not eat meat or Clark Bars.





Hi there ...

*I am delighted to present my first choice for publication in Laugh-In Magazine. Max Shulman is well known for so many funny books and movies today, but before Barefoot Boy With Cheek appeared in the forties he was unknown, unread and probably unloved. Barefoot Boy's hero, Asa Hearthrug, hit our funny bones with the delicate strokes of an owl. Shulman became required reading on every college campus and nearly so everywhere else.*

*Pity we can only give you one chapter. In it, Asa Hearthrug, a freshman at the University of Minnesota, was "fazed up" with a blind date by his fraternity brothers. He's about to attend a song-tite party. Shall we join Asa? Asa?!!!!*

I decided to go to the Beta Thigh song-tite party as "Tea for Two." It took a great deal of practice to master my costume, which was a tea service for two balanced on my head, but when I finally walked up to the door of the Beta Thigh house on Saturday night I carried myself with all the plomb of an African laundress.

I rang the bell. A gray-haired, matronly woman opened the door. "How do you do?" I said. "I'm Asa Hearthrug, and I've come to the party. I am a guest of Noblesse Oblige."

"Come right in Asa. I'm Mother Bloor, the house mother. You sit right down here on the sofa and I'll go call Noblesse."

Mother Bloor was back in a few minutes. "She'll be down right away. She's fixing her costume. Well Asa, you look like a nice boy," she said, putting her hand on my knee.

I smiled modestly.

"You got any other brothers?"

"No ma'am," I said.

"Your father ain't a widower, is he?"

"Not when I left him, he wasn't."

"Uh. You thought any about getting married?"

"Some," I admitted.

"Well, let me tell you boy, you could do a lot worse than marrying some nice mature woman that knows how to cook and take care of a house and what a man likes. Get me?" She nudged me and winked.

"Madam!" I cried.

"I tell you, these young puss ain't got any idea of how to treat a man. Oh, sure, they're pretty to look at, but you mark my words, you'll soon get sick of looking at 'em. A man needs a nice mature woman. Well, here comes Noblesse now. You think over what I said. I'm home all the time."

A slender girl in a two-piece gown with an exposed midriff approached. I could not see her face because it was enveloped in a cloud of black smoke that rose from a smudge pot that was cunningly hinged to her navel.

"This is Asa Hearthrug, Noblesse Oblige," said Mother Bloor.

## Barefoot Boy with Cheek

By Max Shulman

"How do you do?" I said.

"Oh, Asa," she cried in an enchanting little voice like the tinkle of a silver bell, "I think your costume is simply marvy. I mean actually. I mean it's so clever, after all, it's just grand I mean. 'Tea for Two.' How did you ever think of it, I mean really?"

"Shucks," I said, "it's not half as clever as yours. 'Smoke Gets in Your Eyes,' isn't it?"

"Oh, you guessed!" she cried, making a little moue.

"Why don't you children go in and dance?" Mother Bloor suggested.

Noblesse took my arm and we went into the amusement room of the house where several couples were dancing to the music of an automatic phonograph. "Isn't Mother Bloor keen?" asked Noblesse as we walked. "I mean after all, she's just like a real mother to us girls."

"Yes," I said.

We got on the dance floor just as a Benny Goodman record started to play. "Oh, B.G.!" cried Noblesse. "Next to T.D. I like him best. He carves me. I mean he carves me. Does he carve you?"

"Yes," I said, "he carves me."

"Me too," she breathed. "Man, he's murder, Jack."

The next record was a Glenn Miller, "G.M.!" whooped Noblesse. "Man, what solid jive, I mean he's reet. Have you heard his disc of 'Fell me, Woodsman, with a Snag-Toothed Saw?'"

"No," I said.

"Awful fine slush pump. I mean awful fine. You ought to dig that."

The next record was a Guy Lombardo waltz. Noblesse stopped dancing. "That G.L.," she said, "strictly a square. I mean after all, he's an Ed. Let's go out on the porch

and sit down."

I was quite willing because my groin was a mass of first-degree burns from pressing against her smudge pot.

On the veranda, which had been imaginatively decorated with Japanese lanterns and festoons of crepe paper, young couples sat around and smoked and chattered pleasantly. Noblesse spied some friends over in a corner. "Let's go sit with those kids. They're loads of fun," she said.

When we reached them Noblesse introduced me. "This is Asa Hearthrug—Bob Scream and Peggy Orifice."

"How do you do?" I said.

"Hi, Asa, what do you sassa?" Bob yelled jovially. We chuckled appreciatively.

"What darling costumes you kids have on," said Peggy.

"Thank you," Noblesse replied. "But I don't see yours."

Laugh-In Magazine is honored to have Steve Allen as the editor of this section. In this feature Mr. Allen will present excerpts from books he thinks you might enjoy.

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"What darling costumes you kids have on," said Peggy.

"Thank you," Noblesse replied. "But I don't see yours."

Peggy opened her mouth. A cuckoo, cunningly attached to a pivot tooth, came out and crowed three times.

"Three O'clock in the Morning!" cried Noblesse.

"How clever, I mean how utterly."

"Wait'll you see mine," Bob boomed. "Hey, c'me," he called to a figure that stood in the shadows. An elderly man dressed in a shirt of wide, vertical black-and-white stripes, a pair of white knickers, and athletic shoes, with a whistle on a string hung around his neck, came over to Bob. "My Reverie," Bob screamed. "Get it? Referee—reverie. Get it? Referee—reverie."

After our laughter had subsided Noblesse whispered to me, "That Bob, he's terribly clever. I mean he writes all the varsity shows on the campus. I mean I don't know where he thinks up all those gags year after year, I mean after all. He's thinking of enrolling in the University next year."

"I'm glad you kids came," said Peggy, tucking the cuckoo back in her cheek. "We were just having a serious discussion, and we'd like to ask the opinion of you kids about something. I had a coke date with Harvey Vacillate—he's a Sigma Phi—this afternoon, and he asked my advice about something. Harvey and I are platonic like that. We just go out on coke dates and ask each other's advice about our problems, and we have helped each

## It's in the Book!

Humorous book excerpts

selected by  
STEVE ALLEN.

From the book BAREFOOT BOY WITH CHEEK by Max Shulman. Copyright 1943 by Max Shulman. Published by Doubleday Company Inc.

other a good deal in the past. But this afternoon he asked me a question, and I mean, I just didn't know what to answer."

"I went on a coke date with him yesterday," said Noblesse. "I'm platonic with him that way, too. I mean. He's platonic with Sally Gelt and Wilma Urban in our sorority too. Then he's platonic with some Chi Havo girls, too. But what was it he asked you?"

"Well," Peggy said, "the asked me if I thought that intelligent young women should observe the double standard."

"Did you hear about the girl who thought the double standard was two filling stations?" roared Bob.

"Now, Bob," chided Peggy gently, "the double standard is not a subject to joke about. It's a very burning issue of our times."

"Yes," agreed Noblesse. "I mean it's very important. After all, why shouldn't intelligent young people get together and discuss this problem? I mean this is the twentieth century, and women are supposed to be liberated: why shouldn't they have all the freedom that a man has?"

"I don't mean that people should be promiscuous, I mean with just anybody. I mean after all there is a limit. And of course I mean all women shouldn't be allowed all this freedom—not until they've had certain advantages and shown themselves to be capable of freedom I mean."

"I mean that sort of thing has to be done with a certain amount of favor fair, and I say when a woman has been educated and has had advantages, after all she should be allowed to do what she wants."

"A woman like you, for instance," Bob shrieked slyly. "Well, yes," said Noblesse. "I mean I think I'm intelligent enough not to have my conduct governed by what people did hundreds of years ago."

"Oh, you are, Noblesse, you are," I said.

"Everybody down to the dance floor," called a voice from the end of the porch. "The prize for the best costumes is going to be awarded."

We went back to the dance floor and marched in a line past the judge's stand. Mother Bloor was the judge.

continued on page 62



I knew Lockheed said it was going to be big, but Good Lord!



Support your Local Hernia

How come Arthur and Katharine Murray never do a summer replacement show anymore?



NOTICE: All Catholic Churches will be closed until the Bingo Wheel is fixed.

The handsome young shan of Iran  
With his fearsome and dingy dark tan  
Had his blood pressure soar  
In that bad six day war  
And that's when the fit hit the Shan



Joan Of Arc Was Hot Stuff



Attention Billy Graham! St. Paul is in Minneapolis.

CBS is the only network that really knows how to cancel a show.

# SPECIAL OLYMPIC SECTION

There has always been something about Mexico that makes one want to run. Now you can do it for national glory. The question Americans must ask is "Have we properly prepared for the Mexican Olympic Games?" Probably not, because an awful lot of commercials on television lately have been saying, "...served on our Olympic training table." Most of our men will look like Jackie Gleason by the time they clear customs at Juarez. Probably not *also* because this year's Olympics are geared to Mexico. Here are a few of the events the United States team could well bungle:



## *The Eighty Meter Taco Thrust*

Participants heave stale tacos at the Vincent Lopez Orchestra. First one to strike a spit valve wins.

## *The Two-Twenty Low Pyramid Smash*

Competing national entries run head-on into a Pyramid. Survivors are given gold medal points and passes to Aztec stag movies.

## *Third Class Bus Vault*



It's just like the old style pole vault, except that you go over a third class bus on a banana stalk instead of a fiber glass pole and there is less spring—especially when over-ripe. Points off if you hit a chicken. Points given if you hit a Mexican army officer.

## *The One-Eighty High Pismo*

Entries smear their naked bodies with refried beans and attempt to run into the American Embassy during a reception. First one to hug a resident CIA spy wins.

## *The Pancho Villathon*

In this event, one hits a Mexican policeman with a dead dog and a guitar. It is here that speed records are expected to fall.

## *The 22-Yard Jump*

By jumping up and down in twenty-two backyards near the new Olympic stadium, participants try to see if they can shake the new structure down.

## *President's Cup Race*

The President races cups and the competitors run after them. Grabbing a cup with egg stains: 10 points. A cup with dried, caked tamale stains: 25 points. A clean cup: 100 points.



# Farkling

*This  
year's  
most  
exciting  
Olympic  
event!*



THE team sport at this year's Olympics has an American origin. Farkling was devised to make use of the Farkling Hall of Fame in Lompoc, California, which had been there for years without any real purpose. You may want to start a Farkling team in your neighborhood or retirement community once you've read the easy rules.

Farkling is played by two opposing teams. One team, called SCREEBS, is made up of thirty-two heavily padded and helmeted men who carry a spiked club called a PIVOL.

The other team is made up of FARKLERS. There are two of them and they are entirely naked. They carry nothing but an eggplant.

The object of the game is for the FARKLERS to get the eggplant past the SCREEBS and into their goal (or CRONKITE, as FARKLERS call it). Farklers can only run in a sidewise motion, while SCREEBS have freedom of any direction. Six points for each SCROTISH (goal). Winning side is the one with the most SCROTISH points before his coach is fired.







A tragic love affair...  
a Corning Ware Tea Pot...  
and a naive attitude  
made  
Goldie Hawn  
What She Is Today!

By Ralph Benner



# G O L D I E



To begin with, she isn't dumb! "Dumb is just one of the adjectives used to describe me," Goldie exclaims, sinking back into her luxurious Spanish-style sofa and half-laughing to herself. "But I do think we need a dumb blonde right now, don't you?"

Goldie lives alone in the back of a pink duplex just over the hill from NBC's Burbank studios. She's been busy the past few months decorating it herself and the result is plush-comfort: heavy Spanish furniture, orange velvet lounge chairs, oil paintings on the wall, and the occasional scamperings of a poodle named Lamb Chop and two kittens, Princess and Tricia. Her thick yellow carpet is sometimes adorned with small dog bones, but Goldie is all smiles. "I can't live without my animals," she confides.

At 22, Goldie's mastered the art of the show business 'cool' without really trying. She lives and lets live. "I have a boyfriend, Gus Trikonis. We have a beautiful relationship. He's an artist and I like to paint, but we never put up our easels together."

There's a naive quality about Goldie that's fresh and breathless. Unlike the buxum 'dumb' blondes of the past, Goldie turns on viewers with an almost flat profile (5'6", 115 pounds.) Her bubbly blue eyes and clear pale complexion are given just the right touch by the addition of a handful of caramel freckles across her nose. "I've been asked to do a nude scene in a film. But I won't do it . . . at least not now. I don't believe in showing breasts on the screen just to show breasts. If it's the right part someday, maybe I'll do it, but not right now."

Dancing started for Goldie at the age of three in her hometown of Washington, D.C. She took to it instantly and has never stopped. In New York she was always in the chorus, but she loved it. In California she danced in four shows at Melodyland, then went to Vegas and danced there. "I was just bumming around when I danced in Vegas and I just loved it. I'll never down this part of my life. The late hours, the bright lights, the freedom. Wow! It was fun!"

Goldie might still be in the chorus today except for a tragic love affair. "It was a silly thing, really," she recalls, "but it made me do something quick. It was just about a year and a half ago and I'd been dancing all over the East Coast touring and doing this kind of thing. Well, when this broken heart thing came up, I just decided I had to be different so I grabbed a pair of scissors and cut off my hair and came to California."

She's a very spontaneous person. "I do things on the spur of the moment. If I want to go to New York, I just go. But seriously, I think there's a great energy above us that makes us act, but I don't know what it is. I don't know whether it's God or not. I'm very open to things like Astrology, too!"

Being open about things in general is what gives Goldie her so-called image. She's wide-eyed about life and particularly the show business end of it. Doing and saying things that other young actresses shy away from has gotten Goldie where she is today.

The teapot she brought to her tryout for "Good Morning World" won her a role on that short lived series which later claimed the attention of George Schlatter, producer of "Laugh-In." With a little laugh in her voice, Goldie explains what happened. "I had this chance to read for the producers so my agent got me the script to study the night before. Well, being sort of an amateur, when I saw that the scene called for the prop of a teapot I just thought I'd better bring one along. Mine was a Corning Ware teapot and when I showed up to do the scene, they thought this was the dumbest thing they'd ever seen. Nobody else brought a teapot so I got the part."

Doing dumb things at the right time has paid off handsomely for Goldie in both a professional and personal way. Her private life was greatly affected by what she describes as a funny experience with a man. "I was picked up on the street in New York by a fellow. It was disappointing, though. I laugh now; then I was crying."





Here she is at 6 months  
At about 7



Goldie about two years ago before she  
cut her hair



"Anyway he told me I was going to be a very big star and that I was going to be in Little Abner on Broadway and that I was going to do this and that I could go to Hollywood and make lots of money. He had a big Cadillac and I got in it. I was really an idiot, but he was a very nice boy."

"I thought to myself, oh boy, Mama's going to have a new mink coat and everybody's going to be happy and wealthy and . . . well, as it turned out he took me to meet this man. I waited and waited and finally got in to see him. As it turned out, I would have had to sort of 'swing' to get the job. This man said to me, 'Come on over and give me a little kiss.' I said, 'No thank you sir. If I ever make it in this business it's going to be on my up and up and on my own.' And he said, 'Well, you might as well go home and marry a dentist because you're not going to get anywhere in this business,' and I said, 'You just wait!'"

Goldie gets pretty incensed over this aspect of her profession and has issued a decree to all producers and casting directors in Hollywood and New York. It reads thusly: Goldie's Philosophy: If they want somebody for a part who's going to work hard and make money for them, then I'm interested. If they want somebody to go to bed with, then I'm not."

The search for a successful merger of private and professional lives in Hollywood is a tough obstacle course and Goldie is sympathetic to those who can't seem to make it work out in their favor. "These kids who hang out in spots around town like P.J.'s every night, are really not happy with this kind of life. I think they're searching for something and eventually they'll find it. Me, I've found mine. I've danced in so many discotheques as a go-go girl and been on so many unpleasant dates that I've seen what goes on. The way these people live, the anxieties they live under. I couldn't go back to this now. I couldn't be a part of it. I've been through it. I know where it's at."

Unlike the giddy comedienne you see on TV, Goldie Hawn at home is a self-imposed domestic. She buys very few clothes, preferring to spend the money on her apartment. She adores cooking and makes every kind of chicken, teriyaki steak, and gets very excited about her own meat loaf. She made the drapes that hang in her living room and a sharp decorator has complimented her on them.

Organization is an important part of the home-girl Goldie. She's a quiet, sound sleeper and this allows her to wake-up well rested every morning at about 8:30. She gets up, brushes her teeth, washes her face, takes a vitamin tablet, and fixes herself a pot of coffee. While the coffee's perking she takes a shower, then puts on her robe and sits by the window and talks to her animals. She listens to the radio and makes phone calls until about 10. Then it's off to the health club to work out for a few hours. After this it's appointments, a quick hot dog for lunch, and maybe a few hours sunbathing.

At ease in her private life, Goldie and Gus spend long evenings together eating at Chinese restaurants and getting food on their faces. "We like to put our feet up and laugh." Goldie and Gus have friends together who aren't actors and actresses and their personal lives tend to be quiet and unglamorous. Because of his Greek heritage, they plan someday to go to Greece. "That's a big thing in our relationship," she reveals. "I feel like I've been to Greece before, but I haven't. I just know it's all blue and white and clear and clean."

To laugh a lot, especially at yourself, is a great help in show business and Goldie has this talent. Her best friend is the TV camera she's looking in at the moment. "Who needs an audience when you've got the big eye," she grins. "Whenever I'm in front of it, I never really know what I'll do. Sometimes when I finish a routine, I even surprise myself. I never could see why people think I'm funny off screen. But people think I am. I guess it's my attitude toward things. And it doesn't really bother me if people see me as a dumb blonde. As long as they get some fun out of it that's fine with me!"



*Egyptian Restaurants Pack Six Day Lunches*



"7-UP is wet and wild First against thirst First to satisfy you So wet and wild and new"



**\*Sock it to me**

*Standard Oil Gives Me Gas*

I wouldn't send a Knight out on a dog like this.



*Who gave Mickey Rooney the short end?*



*Railway Express sends me.*

**SOCK IT TO ME**

*Betsy Ross, your seams are crooked.*



*Sock it to me*

*Will Sonja Henie please remove her ice skates from the urinal.*



# PAT PAULSEN



## FOR PRESIDENT

While the Republican and Democratic candidates surround themselves with a lot of cigar chomping bums, Pat Paulsen is lining up a glittering administration that will return elan, grace, and the old posharoo to the White House.



Selected for her appeal to large eastern block vote of tremendously fat Italian women who want to believe they too can eat spaghetti and look as slim and pretty as Nancy Sinatra.



Dick Martin sews up both California and New York votes because of the tremendous grape production in those states. He also wraps up forty-two other states because of the large Wino populations.



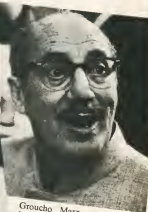
Barbara Bain and Carl Reiner were chosen by Paulsen because they represent 132 million television viewers. Miss Bain has just caused Mr. Reiner's toupee to self-destruct.



Mama Cass observes Paulsen's resemblance to President Lincoln; Paulsen ponders Mama Cass' resemblance to President Taft.

\*\*\*\*\*  
The tone of what may one day be known as "The Paulsen Years" was set recently at an 89c A Plate Testimonial Dinner held at one of Beverly Hills finest cafeterias. The event featured strolling bus boys, but no violins; it was too serious a moment. How could anyone have known? Candidate Paulsen was picking his government!

\*\*\*\*\*  
Jess Unruh was chosen for a high spot in the Paulsen administration because he is free of the taint of bossism.



Groucho Marx, on the other hand, is a well known political bag man and ruthless manipulator of lesser politicians' destinies.

劉啟章



Laugh-In Producer George Schlatter, seen here with his wife, has been offered a cabinet post because the thing he wears around his neck will bring in the French vote (those who think its a cross of Lorraine), the over-sexed vote (who think its a fertility symbol), and the hippies (who think that some hippie made a dollar selling it to him).



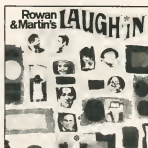
Another boffo Dick Martin line sends the candidate into gales of apathy.

Dinah Shore, captured here before she had an opportunity to slip away from the two men also shown, has graciously consented to sing the National Anthem at the Paulsen Inaugural ceremonies. Worth an estimated 60 million votes.



Bill Dana, who already brought in the Jewish-Spanish speaking vote, now adds millions more votes for Paulsen with his mock western appeal to the mock western vote.

very.  
interesting.



ROWAN & MARTIN'S LAUGH-IN FLS 15118

...but funny!  
the fantastic new comedy  
album on



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## RECORDS

Pigment Markham. **HERE COME THE JUDGE**; Chess Records. The Judge sketch that brought the whole thing about—along with several other pieces of Pigment classics.

**FLY BUTTONS**. Capitol Records has included some of their all time all timers in this one: *The 2000 Year Old Man*, with Carl Reiner and Mel Brooks, and *Wonderful Wonderful*, by Stan Freeberg will give you an idea of the high quality files they keep.

Don Rickles **HELLO DUMMY!** Warner 7 gives us the king of the insults as recorded live at the Sahara Hotel in Las Vegas.

**THE BICKERSONS**. Don Ameche and Frances Langford are back with the same kind of thing they did in the forties. Its as funny as ever. Columbia.

Godfrey Cambridge, **THE GOOFREY CAMBRIDGE SHOW**. Epic. Godfrey spends the best of his nightclub material in this one and it is his best!

Bill Dana presents Joey Forman in **THE MASHUGANISHI YOGI**. There will probably be a rash of Yogi albums and this is a good place to start.

Gary Owens, **THE FUNNY SIDE OF BONNIE & CLYDE**. This is the same loveable Gary Owens whose voice has thrilled millions on Laugh-In. Here, he puns Bonnie & Clyde to the test: can they survive bullets, Warren Beatty, and Gary Owens? Epic Records.

**THE ESSENTIAL LENNY BRUCE POLITICALS**. Douglas Records. From that treasure trove of Bruce nightclub recordings. Most of his observations fit this year nicely.

**THE WONDERFUL WACKY WORLD OF WOODY ALLEN**. Bell Records. Those who thought Woody Allen's popularity was based on sex alone will be jolted to find how funny this record is.

Myron Cohen, **IT'S NOT A QUESTION!** The funny, the warm, the beautiful stories he tells. Here is a new collection of them...as great as all the others. RCA.

Bill Cosby, **TO RUSSELL, MY BROTHER, WHOM I SLEPT WITH**. Warner 7. This man gets funnier and funnier with each release and *Lordy!* The money that record company must make on him. Here is his newest.

**WHAT'S LEFT OF PHYLLIS OILER**. The Queen of the one-liners hits it again. With Liz Taylor living in England, Miss Oiler is the biggest money maker of her sex left in this country. The record is the evidence that she is worth every dime. Verve.

**REDO FOX-A-DELIC**. Redd Foxx says terribly funny things, but not the ones you want played over the church amplifying system. He's a Los Angeles nightclub institution, known as a performer's performer.

**THE BEST OF MOMS MABLEY**. Chess Records. Moms has been cranking out funny records for years, but now that the nation has discovered her, she's finally got a great big seller. Funny!

## BOOKS

**THE WASHINGTON WITS**, edited by Bill Adler. MacMillan Company. Operating on the theory that everyone, be he Democrat or Republican, likes a funny story, Bill Adler has collected a splendid batch of the best quips, squelches, shafts and nonsensical outbursts as ever uttered by public figures and figureheads.

**WHAT DR. SPOCK DON'T TELL US** by M. M. Adkinson, Jr., Simon and Schuster. Subtitled "A Survival Kit for Parents", writer Adkinson has produced a devastating encyclopedic guide to the hitherto uncatalogued afflictions, aberrations, exotic diseases of the American child.

**LOVE IS WHEN YOU MEET A MAN WHO DOESN'T LIVE WITH HIS MOTHER**. Irene Pachanik. Price Stern-Sloan Publishers. Here is a book of titillating quips in fotos and line drawing, both quaint enough for those belonging to the school of nostalgia and contemporary enough to break the jet set to an hour's perusal at the pool.

## May We Suggest...

If the labels on the canned vegetables in your kitchen cupboards are the funniest things you have around this week, Laugh-In would like to point out the books and records currently being foisted off on the laugh hungry.

**BUSKIN' WITH H. ALLEN SMITH**. Trident Press. The man who's made people laugh for forty years now, presents a collection of grass roots stories aimed at the nerve endings. Mr. Smith must be the nation's greatest curator of colorful stories.

**THE SCRAWL OF THE WILD** by Norton Mockridge. World Publishing Co. This exasperating tome, illustrated by Jerry Schlamp, is subtitled: **WHAT PEOPLE WRITE ON THE WALLS AND WHY...** A mere scanning of the jacket blurbs gives notice of the comic rapids ahead of the unsuspecting: "Is there a life after birth?"

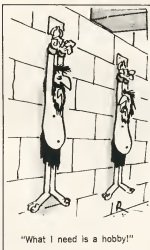
**CAPTIONS COURAGEOUS** (or, Comments from the Gallery). Abelard-Schuman Publishers. Here is the courageous, really outrageous—in art. For the time instead of leaving art in the hands of leaders and dilettantes, historians and critics, the authors Bob Reister and Hal Kaplow, have consulted the world's masterpieces—paintings and statues and recorded their words in hilarious new captions.

**HAVE I EVER LIED TO YOU?** By Art Buchwald. G. P. Putnam's Sons. The editors of A.B.'s most recent funny book themselves show a real flair for wit in their jacket notes, pointing out that it is what everybody needs to fill the credibility gap.

**THURBER AND COMPANY** (a new collection of drawings of male and female animals including the human) with introduction by Helen Thurber. Harper & Row, 1966, \$6.95. Here is a new assemblage of Thurber cartoons and drawings, many of which have never appeared in book form and some of which have never been published at all until now.

**A STRESS ANALYSIS OF A STRAPLESS EVENING GOWN AND OTHER ESSAYS**. Prentice-Hall edited by Robert A. Baker, with contributions by John Updike, Robert Nathan, John Masters, Leo Sillard, Frank Getlein and C. Northcote Parkinson. Who says structural engineering work is dull? Finding the engineering formula that would hold up strapless evening gowns was a ball but it wasn't easy.

**THE INTELLIGENT DOG'S GUIDE TO PEOPLE-OWNING** by Greyfriars' Flannel Petticoat A.K. NO. WA-399236 in collaboration with Her Special Person Roland A. Brown. Funk & Wagnalls. A practical handbook for novices. Experienced People-Owners will thump approval of both sexes, while Owned People will probably find some disquieting vignettes of themselves as well as revealing facets of their canine possessors.



**SEARLE'S CATS**, hilariously cartooned by Ronald Searle himself. The Stephen Greene Press. This collection of captioned kitty situations is too much! In it Searle turns his cartoonist's eye on the feline world and produces an amusing and accurate caricature of a man's lap companion.

Nina Farewell is, a missionary of sorts in woman's eternal struggle with man. In **THE UNFAIR SEX** (an Expose of the Human Male) Simon and Schuster. She confronts the subject most vital to the housewife—the way of a maid with a man—not the way she's probably been pursuing, but the way she can attain what she wants. As Miss F points out the maid wants something very different than does the man.



The fact that they don't want to live by old-fashioned ideas or learning by old-fashioned books I can understand, but I don't think the way to change this is by throwing a rock or setting fire to the principal's office."

Along with these theories, Dick is primarily concerned that he and Dan don't work with any old-fashioned directors. They've just signed a contract to do three movies for M-G-M and Dick makes it clear to anyone who asks that they'll work with only the NOW people, meaning the young blood of Hollywood. "We're not dummies. We've been around long enough to know what's for us and what isn't. We had to hold out a long time to do the kind of a show that *Laugh-In* is today. NBC wanted us to do a straight variety show. But we were tough on that one and we were right. I think there has to be a little of Frank Sinatra in all of us. He isn't where he is today by accident. Sinatra knows what he's doing. He knows what he wants and he gets it."

Though Dick's usually depicted as the "funny one" of the team, he's just as serious about the world around him as Dan is. He sides with Dan in their effort to keep *Laugh-In* from having a point of view. "We take pot shots at everyone. We aren't pointed like some of the other shows. This year we're going to be even more general."

The epidermis of Dick Martin covers a vast complexity. He rarely speaks of his first marriage, but can't hide the devotion to his 10-year-old son. He's trained to feel the responses of people and is sensitive to them on all counts. Though outwardly he's the more extroverted of the two, Dick is still not what you'd call a "riot" off camera. He, too, is thoughtful and quiet.

His bachelor life gives Dick the freedom he needs to swing with what's happening and to let all the newest ideas seep in. Here's where Dick excels in the type of humor seen in front of the cameras or on stage. He claims not to be as against marriage as many say he is. "I'm against marriage right now for me because I don't know anyone I want to marry. California statistics show that only one out of two marriages make it. You wouldn't bet those odds in Vegas."

So Dick plans to remain swingingly single while Dan pursues the quieter married life. This diffusion of interests has worked well for the two during their long association.

The meeting of Rowan and Martin



those 16 years ago was arranged by the late comedian Tommy Noonan. Noonan knew both men personally and had encouraged each separately with his comradely aspirations. Dan owned a foreign car agency in the San Fernando Valley and Dick was a bartender. Dick often watched the antics of greats like Martin and Lewis from behind the bar at the old *Slapsie Maxie's* where he was employed for several seasons.

The combination of Rowan and Martin seemed to be just right from the beginning. There was something unusual about them that had a certain spark. Tommy Noonan worked with them initially on their routines and within several months they kicked off their first appearances. From then on the comedy of Rowan and Martin was off and trotting. Dick describes it as a steady ascent with a couple of leveling off periods.

The first real break accorded the team was when Walter Winchell "discovered" their act and wrote glowingly about them. Naturally, Winchell's column mentions got them better and better bookings and they continually played the best supper clubs around the country. The second biggest break was when Dean Martin chose Dick and Dan to replace him for his summer vacation. NBC took a good look at their work and signed them for a *Laugh-In* special. Now they've arrived and they intend to stay on top.

All was not rosy in the climb. There was a bad movie made for Universal called "Three Men on a Horse," but it



didn't really get a general release, because just after the film was completed, Universal was sold to MCA who literally shelved the picture. "This taught us a good lesson," Dan injects, "because with our new movies at M-G-M this year we'll know enough not to make the same mistakes twice." Dick adds, "We intend to have a say in every area of this film."

At one time, Dick and Dan replaced Dinah Shore on her show for the summer, but this turned out to do little to build their reputation. About the only good thing it did do was to establish a great friendship between them and Dinah. Dick often escorts Dinah to various Hollywood functions.

With steady cooperation between the two, the team of Rowan and Martin has grown into what must be considered today's most NOW comedy act. They've accomplished this with a healthy respect for each other's abilities. As Dan says, "Dick and I don't always get along. We disagree about many things, philosophy and politics included."

But when it comes to work, there are few battles. Each reacts to the other's style and bows to his taste when a disagreement occurs. There are times when one or the other would like to insist on something for the act that he feels is great. But if the other is dead set against it, the bit is usually thrown out.

One gossipier recently quipped that Rowan and Martin are disturbed about some of the show's regulars grabbing more publicity than the stars. On the contrary, Dick and Dan are delighted. They own the show, along with producers George Schlatter and Ed Friendly, so the more popular the regulars get, the better for the show. And what's better for the show is what counts with its owners. Dick and Dan take personal interest in what their regulars do in front of the cameras. They'll bend over backwards to make everyone look as good and as funny as possible, even if it means giving up the spotlight.

Dick and Dan originally previewed the format of today's *Laugh-In* show on a local level in San Francisco. It didn't sell. As Dick explains it, "The idea was too far ahead of its time. The style was too new. Today it goes. Yesterday it didn't. Tomorrow, who knows?"

But if there's one point you can count on in Rowan and Martin's future it's that they'll swing with the tone of today's public. As they change, so will Dick and Dan. And always for the better!



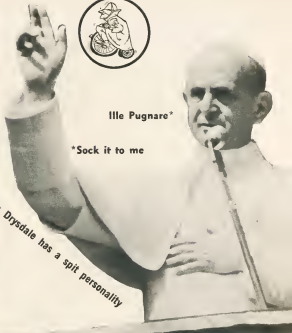
They, who's that holding the picture of Sonny Tufts?



Ille Pugnare\*

\*Sock it to me

Don Drysdale has a spit personality



Election Preview!  
Which candidate's  
daughter is this?  
Guess correctly and  
you pick the 1968  
Presidential Winner!



Sonny Tufts??!!??



Sonny Tufts??!!??



Alexander  
Graham  
Bell Had  
Hangups

Sal Hepatica is the leader of a youth movement





Vincent Price in horror makeup.

## POE

Vincent Price returns to haunt the drive-ins in this especially thrilling American-International Picture. As the title hints, Producers Nicholson and Arkoff have once again dipped into Edgar Allen Poe's blood — this time basing the story on his most frightening writings: his notes to his creditors.

One knows American-International is up to form as the credits are written on chunks of dead flesh as they are ripped from the throat of an acid bath victim by a blood-crazed Raven. To insure attention, the credits are concluded by the lopping off of the entire head by Vincent Price himself. The blood spurts onto the lens and provides as clever a dissolve as this reviewer has ever seen. We then see Price as a younger man and in love. He axe murders his sweetheart and special effects is certainly to be commended for the spurting effect from the eye sockets and the racking, sobbing, screaming horror sounds of the young girl as her dismembered body flies into an open lye pit. Price's makeup is superb: more ghastly than *Phantom of the Opera* or *Wart Man*. The achievement was the result of holding a blowtorch to a roast beef, then having James Brown work it over with a track shoe.

Vincent Price has been known as a fine actor for years, but he surprised even his surest fans in a scene in which he drives a spike through the temple of his own father, then removes every inch of skin on his body with a Laser beam. In that sensitive condition, Price administers an alcohol rub. The same acting skill is applied when he rips open

the rib cage of an eighty-seven year-old woman—and finds to his horror she has a tape worm larger than a python. The picture ends as he is crushed by the creature. This adaptation of one of our finest authors is recommended for children because it has no sex in it.

## WILHELM II

In this classic Sam Spiegel film, we see the splendor and excitement of the pre-World War I German court. Autocratic, impatient, iron-willed William II makes a fitting subject for a three hour spectacle with all of the brilliance, color, excitement and scope of Spiegel's *Bridge on the River Kwai* and *Lawrence of Arabia*. It was, however, a mistake to cast Annette Funicello in the lead as Kaiser Wilhelm II.

Spiegel scores heavily with this reviewer by changing Wilhelm's time to the late fifties, since hardly anyone around would understand a 1913 story. By changing the location from Germany to Canada the wily producer eliminated unnecessary controversy without hurting the story one bit. Tackling a little known incident in Wilhelm's life, Spiegel has used imagination and courage in bringing to the screen a problem too often whispered and too seldom articulated in a frank and mature manner: excess stomach acidity. In writing in a friend and lifelong confidant to the Kaiser (skillfully played by Wayne Newton) Spiegel was able to achieve some of the warmth missed on the screen since Gene Autry and Pat Buttram broke up. The ticklish business of the Kaiser's withered arm is neatly gotten over by attaching a Jai alai basket to Miss Funicello's hand and drawing attention away from the infirmity.

Although the Kaiser's real mother was Queen Victoria's daughter, the picture provides a handsome piece of dramatic punch by making the aging woman a Polish peasant, who after losing her mind as a result of a love affair with a deaf and blind migratory farm worker, returns to her loving son, Wilhelm, thinking she is a Volkswagen. The touching portrayal by Sandra Dee reaches its peak of emotional intensity when the tragic figure drives into a Standard Station for a lube and sings *Ace Maria*.

This fine example of Spiegel magic ends on a note of hope for both the Kaiser and the world. Eliminating the defeatist quality in the Kaiser's true story, *Wilhelm II* sends one reeling from the theater with the feeling of genuine jubilation. Spiegel's Wilhelm only *thinks* he is down. Sidekick Wayne Newton pep talks the tired leader into going onto the Toronto music stage, where in a gloriously triumphant finish, Wilhelm II leads two hundred girls with huge white coo-coo clocks in a tribute to Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler.

It looks like another ten-Oscar triumph for Mr. Spiegel.



Highlight of *Wilhelm II*: The biggest crock anyone has ever seen.



**Here Come The Judge**

## **Meet Mr. Pigmeat Markham**

It was Laugh-In TV Show number eight that guest star Sammy Davis, Jr. was handed the script in which he plays a judge in a courtroom piece of yuk business.

Sammy remembered back to his "growing up" days when he used to study every performer at the Apollo Theater in Harlem. He remembered how audiences would break up at Pigmeat Markham's classic vaudeville line, "Here comes the judge." Sam tossed it out during the run-through at NBC and the cast and crew came unglued. Like so many of the marvelous spontaneous hits on Laugh-In the order came to "leave it in."

Here comes the judge joined that great treasury of humor lines that take off with nationwide impact.

Here comes the judge went up as high as the Supreme Court where our normally austere justices began greeting each other with Pigmeat's now famous line.

And so, a good memory of comedy by a young "old" pro Sammy Davis, Jr., opens a new career for an old "old" pro, Pigmeat Markham.

Show producers George Schlatter and Ed Friendly immediately flew into Chicago for a conference with Pigmeat, the original "judge." The result is another regular on the Laugh-In TV Show as Pigmeat joins the cast this season.

Yes sir . . . Here comes the judge . . . The judge who started it all in 1917. Mr. Pigmeat Markham. These overnight successes!!



# Barefoot Boy with Cheek

By Max Shulman

*continued from page 45*

When the last couple had gone by Mother Bloor looked over the notes she had been taking and at length announced the winner.

"Noblesse Oblige and Asa Hearthrug."

Suddenly I was up at the front of the room with Noblesse, and all around us was a sea of smiling faces, blurred through my tears. "I can't believe it, I can't believe it," I kept repeating to Noblesse.

"We've won, Asa," she said, taking my hand. "I mean, we've won."

Then Mother Bloor, smiling broadly, was putting a silver cup in my hand. "Don't forget it what I told you before," she whispered in my ear.

Now everyone was about us shouting cheery greetings, extending congratulations. I could only mumble brokenly, but Noblesse, cool and serene, spoke graciously for both of us until, at length, the well-wishers had gone.

"Whew," said Noblesse. "I mean I'm glad that's over. Let's take off our costumes and go get some air."

She disengaged the smudge pot from her navel. I saw her face for the first time. She was incredibly lovely. Her crisp brown hair was worn in a jaunty feather bob. Her blue eyes were pools of innocence. Her little nose was pert and saucy. Her mouth, adorned with a fashionably dark lipstick, could only be described as kissable. I took the tea tray off my head and followed her into the garden.

We sat on a bench under a spreading banyan tree and lit cigarettes. "Are you having a good time, Asa?" she asked.

"Good!" I credit. "Say, better, marvelous."

"Isn't Bob funny?"

"Devastating," I said.

"You should see him when he puts a lampshade on his head. I mean, you could die."

"I can imagine," I said chuckling.

We smoked silently for a moment. "Noblesse," I said slowly, "All this, these people, this trophy we won, this social grace, I never believed such things existed outside of storybooks."

She laughed silverly. "Yes, it's all true. And it's all the more enjoyable because"—her voice grew more serious—"because we know how to enjoy it. I mean we are the people who belong. After all, there are belongers and non-belongers. We are the belongers."

"Belongers and non-belongers," I said thoughtfully. "Yes, you've hit it, Noblesse. I want to belong to all of this, and—most particularly I want to belong to you." I took her cool white hand in mine.

62 She allowed me to hold it for a moment, and then

withdrew it. "Do you like football, Asa? I mean I'm crazy about it, I mean simply mad."

"Yes," I said.

"The season opens next Saturday, and I'm just dying to go, I mean actually. But nobody can get a ticket. I mean you really have to *rate* to get a ticket."

A thought struck me. "Noblesse, will you come to the game with me next Saturday?"

"With you? But where will you get a ticket, Asa?"

"Eino Fläkkinnenn is a fraternity brother of mine," I said simply.

"Eino Fläkkinnenn!" she exclaimed.

"Yes," I said modestly.

"Oh, Asa, I'd love to."

Her hand stole back into mine. "Noblesse," I said, "I don't know quite how to say this, and I know I shouldn't, but I must speak. Am I then made of stone? Noblesse, I shall not bandy words. I—I love you."

"Asa!" she cried. "I mean after all."

"Stay," I said. "Hear me out. I know we have met only this night, but what does love know of time? My heart is my clock and my calendar, and it ticks inexorably that I love you. If I had known you a million years I should only know what I know now: that you are beautiful and as wise as beautiful and gracious and pure and strong and good. Do not speak to me of time, for time is but a picaresque in our world, yours and mine. Noblesse, say that you are mine."

"I mean you mean go steady?"

"Yes," I said simply, and I saw the answer in her eyes. Then she was in my arms, my mouth drinking the ambrosia of her lips.

"But we mustn't tell anybody. I mean we must keep it a secret," she said.

"Our secret," I breathed.

"How fun!" she cried, and clapped her hands. She extended her palm toward me. "The pin."

"The pin? Oh, Oh yes, the pin. I—I left it at the jeweler to have some more diamonds put in. I'll have it for you Saturday."

"You sure?" she said, frowning.

"As sure, Noblesse, as my love for you."

She smiled. We kissed.

"I am so happy," I said. "Now I can be one of you and join your fun and your serious discussions too."

"Yes," she said. "They're very important. We had some very nice serious discussions tonight, didn't we Asa?"

"Oh yes," I said. "That was very interesting about the double standard. Tell me, Noblesse, did you mean all you said about the double standard?"

She drew herself up. "Of course I mean I meant every word of it. I mean after all, I don't just talk to hear myself talk, I mean."

"That's all I wanted to know," I said. I started to divest myself of encumbering garments.

She screamed and ran into the house.

Mother Bloor emerged from behind the banyan tree. "It's like I told you," she said. "You ought to get yourself a nice mature woman."

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## Hello... Champ!

continued from page 32

pulled it off beautifully."

Jackie was starting to snifle but I ranted on.

"When you sounded me out on the Miami Beach caper I thought you were blowing your marbles. But you were one of my best achievements so I went to bat for you on Paley. I don't know how I did it but after a five hour marathon they bought the hit. Again you came through like a pro but something happens to you every time you hit Hollywood. Dammit! Half a season's supply of rags down the shoot for some of those leeches at Dave Chasens."

I knew I was being rough on Jackie, but I remember how hard I had to sell Paley. He was dead set against it, but he couldn't go against my track record. I remember Jackie's first show of the season a few years back. He begged me for something unusual to help him out opposite some blockbuster movie. All I did was get him all three Kennedy brothers, President Eisenhower and Che Guevara.

Jackie begged on, "Champ, if you'll help me this time I won't bug you again for a full 13-week cycle. Oh by the way, thanks for the Back Porch Uranium stock. Doggone thing's almost doubled."

"All right Jackie. For a starter, when Rickles pops in, call him the Jewish Charles De Gaulle."

It took about six minutes for Gleason to stop laughing and pull himself together. He was laying it on a little too thick but I knew he really appreciated the help.

"Champ, it's beautiful," Jackie crooned. "Gorgeous."

"OK Jackie. Get off the phone. I'll wire you some classics by tomorrow night."

Jackie was beside himself. "I love you Champ, really love you."

"Goodbye, Jackie." Click.

I checked the watch. Dammit all! Richard Pryor is opening in San Fran at the Fairmont and I promised him a new routine and no doubt Henny Youngman's hourly call will be here soon. I've gotta get moving. Sometimes this burden is just too much. Promises, promises... why am I such a patsy. Just because I'm blessed with these gifts and devoted my life to comics and comedy I deserve some time to myself. What the hell, I should relax for a weekend at Vegas, but the last time I was there I was so damned bored it was impossible. I couldn't go anywhere without hearing my material getting butchered. Some of those guys, even the top ones like Danny Thomas and Skelton, not quite give it the timing I suggested. And that stuck-up Howard Hughes, Called him up for old times sake and couldn't get past his secretary. Of course when he found out who it was he turned the whole state upside

down to try to apologize. I remember him 20 years ago... "but why buy TWA, Champ?" Damn fool wanted to back the Tucker automobile. Should've let him do it.

R-R-R-R-ING!

R-R-R-R-ING! Oh nuts!

"Hello."

"Champ, baby, you just got a telegram. It said: 'Ignore first wire.'"

"Henny. For Luavapete. Drop that gag. I'm sorry I gave it to you. But that was 32 years ago. Henny, once in a while even you've got to drop the old ones... and Henny I'm sending you a check for five big ones. I know you're tap city again. Why the hell didn't you buy Eurasian Sun Tin Oil. Everybody cleaned up in it. You never take my advice. You're flat broke. You're working for 5 thou a week. Even the newer kids are pulling in 25 per at Vegas. Henny, I devoted less time to Chaplin than I do to you... I showed W.C. Fields what he could do with a little makeup on his nose and the booze bit. It took six minutes and he made a fortune. When I gave it to Dean Martin a few years ago it still worked." Then I stopped. I couldn't be too cruel to Henny. I've always had a soft spot for him.

"Henny," I just groaned, "I've got some great new stuff. I'll work it over a little and you'll get it next week. Goodbye, babe."

Henny is irreplaceable. He wouldn't quit. "Hey Champ, y'know what mixed emotions are? It's watching your mother-in-law go over a cliff in your new Cadillac. So long!"

"Goodbye Henny." I tried to remember. I guess it was over 35 years ago that I dreamed that one up and then tossed it away. Henny found it in my ash tray. Berle stole it from him, but Henny grabbed it back 10 years ago. What guts. Amazing! They don't make 'em like the old breed anymore.

I checked my watch. Oh, no, it was ten to six. I'll get to Pryor's stuff just before I hit the sack tonight. And I know Rickles will call tomorrow for some blockbusters to nail Gleason with. Where does the time go to? Dammitall!

I guess I'll just have to brush up on my accent on the way down to the studio. It's starting to get a little rusty again. Years I've spent polishing that accent, and it always needs work. Oh, well, and I wanted to be there early. Especially tonight. Last week even the bubble machine wasn't working on cue.

I called for my car.

"Yessir, Mr. Welk, it'll be up in five minutes." •



"Dear Dr. Brothers..."



**Sock it to me**

*Mickey Rooney is alive and  
living in Jackie Gleason*



*Billy Joe had bad bridge work*

*Sock it to me*



*Toots Shore Has Bad Broth*



*Sock it to me*



*Planned Parenthood is Kidnapping*

**SOCK IT TO ME**

*The lead in the musical MAME will go to Roz Russell or Zero Mostel.*



*Sock it to me*

*Sock it to me*





## Dining Out In Burbank

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ACTUAL, ON THE SPOT CAMERA COVERAGE OF A FIERCE BATTLE BETWEEN TINY TIM AND LIBERACE — BOTH USING WET PILLOW CASES FILLED WITH WARM CARAMEL PUDDING.

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